

“Courage is not the absence of fear, but rather the judgment that something else is more important than fear”. This quote from Ambrose Redmoon constantly reminds me to not allow myself to be daunted by my fears. Although some people think that I am courageous, that is only superficial. I may appear to be immune to many things, but that internal struggle within me was never missing. There are so many things that I am afraid of, but often it is not worth it to shun away from them, to face up to those fears is much more pragmatic.

Courage is a curiosity. It is merely a mentality to be undaunted by what you're afraid to do, to overcome your fear, to break boundaries, yet it helps you to achieve what you never thought you would be able to, to achieve the impossible.

Courage is not foreign to me, for I believe in getting out of our comfort zone and facing what we fear most. The first time I encountered courage was when I first did abseiling. I had to turn around at the edge, and to do a mini version of freefall. Theoretically speaking, it was just falling into sitting position, but everything is so different when I lost that sense of security that I had on level ground. Every time I wanted to make a move, there would be that little voice in my head telling me against it. I had taken my first step only because I did not want to be a laughingstock. At that moment, I decided that as compared to that abhorrent choice, I would much rather face up to my fear. It was a rare opportunity for me, if I missed this chance, I might never get to try abseiling again. With that mentality, I decided to go forth bravely. I never regretted not chickening out then, in fact, I have developed a liking towards abseiling.

Courage was when I first started to peg after my injury. I was intimidated by the idea of doing it again, for the thought of the injury I had sustained while training for a competition is still vividly etched in my mind. Till today, I can still remember how I had negligently hit myself with the mallet, how my index finger went numb, how the blood had literally splattered on the grass. It was a real nightmare, and since then, I had a phobia of pegging. It took me a great deal of courage to just hold a peg or mallet, and I spent the day before my CCA day trying to convince myself into doing it again. In the end, I did it! I knew for a fact that if I were to evade it, I would regret it deeply. Not wanting any regrets in my life, I chose to embrace my fear and just do it.

The brave may not live forever, but the cautious do not live at all. Start living today!